

LITTLE FLOWERS FROM A MILLINER'S BOX

By Sade Iverson.

I have been making a little hat;
A hat for a little lady.
Red and brown leaves edge it,
And the crown is like brown moss.
If I might, I would say to her:
"Pay me nothing, pay me nothing—
I have been paid in full, lady—
I have been paid in memories.
Ah, the sweep of the sun-burned meadow
Rising above the woodland!
Ah, the drift of golden beech-leaves,
Fluttering the still hour through!
I can hear them falling, softly,
Softly, falling on the tawny ground,
The nuts, too, are falling, pad-pad,
Mischievously on the earth.
Never was sky so blue as deep,
So unbearably perfect!
I throw up my hands to it,
I fling kisses heavenward,
To Something to Somebody,
Who made beauty—who made Youth!
Take your hat, little lady,
Wear it smilingly;
It is all sewn with dreams,
And looped with memories.
Little dead joys, like mists,
Float about it invisibly,
Making it miraculous.
You lack the money to pay for these things.
It is I who owe you for the little hat
You commissioned, made of red and brown
leaves
With a crown like sun-dried moss
In the woods where I once wandered."
But I cannot afford to be kind,
Or strange, or mad, or merry.
She will give me purse-worn bills
For the little dream hat, the fairy-sewn hat.
And I shall say with formality:
"Thank you, madam; I am glad
You are pleased with the little hat."

Stale, stale, flat, flat!

Will there never again come a day
When I shall be throwing kisses to the sky,
Hoping they will reach up to Him
Who made beauty, and little golden leaves,
And brown nuts falling in the autumn woods?
—San Francisco News Letter.

A clergyman, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of empty whisky bottles, and as he lifted each one he looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him, and said, "They are all dead ones, Pat." "They are!" said Pat. "Well, there is wan good thing about it, they all had the minister wid them whin they were dying."—San Francisco Argonaut.

"Nice children you have. Which is this?"

"The seventh."

"He seems to be the healthiest-looking one of the lot."

"Yes; by the time he came along his mother had run out of theories."—Town Talk.

Madge—I don't think there'd be any fun in voting, anyhow.

Marjorie—Sure there would. If a woman you didn't like were running, you could get all the fudge and soda you wanted out of her, and then vote against her.—Judge.

THE LAST OF THE FIANNA

By Eleanor Cox.

"They lay down on the side of the hill at Teamhair, and put their lips to the earth, and died."—Gods and Fighting Men.

To the dewy earth they turned their faces,
Sweet, green Mother of their old delight;
They for whom in Erin no more place was—
They the once strong bulwarks of her might;
Scarce a good man's stone-throw from where Tara
Reared its shining splendor on the height.

Golden-shod the hours in that fair palace
Danced like maidens to a festal song,
But for them who drained Life's bitter chalice
There upon the hill the day was long;
Till sweet Death came down in the gray twilight,
Death, whose kind kiss heals all human
wrong.

Kissing now their lids of drowsing vision
With a Dream of Life as it had been,
Glowing with the joy of swift decision,
Radiant with the flash of sword-blades keen,
Ringing with the songs of Nature's springtime,
Crowned with love of goddess and of queen.

Calling to them through the trooping shadows,
Beautiful, undimmed of Age or Fear,
Those who with them through the golden meadows,
In their morn of Manhood cloudless-clear,
Long ago behind the peerless Fionn,
Rode to hunt of foeman or of deer.

So Night set her seal upon their dreaming,
Of brave days and deeds forever gone,
So they passed, the men of god-like seeming,
With their faces set towards the Dawn,
They whose like in all her future story,
Nevermore their land should look upon.

"Must you say 'No?' he pleaded.

"It is not necessary," she returned sweetly.
"I can say 'Most assuredly not.' In fact, there
are several ways of expressing the same thought."
—Liverpool Mercury.

"I am sorry, but I advertised for a Scandinavian cook," said Mrs. White. "Lawd sake!" replied Paralysis Pearl Waddles, "what diffunce do it make what a lady's 'ligion am, dess so's she kin cook."—Judge.

"Yes," said the bachelor, with the conscious pride of sacrifice, "I make a point of giving up certain pleasures during Lent."

"Huh!" snorted the married man. "You bachelors have a cinch on that sort of thing. What are forty days to three hundred and sixty-five?"
—Town Topics.

Old Gentleman (who has just finished reading an account of a shipwreck with loss of passengers and all hands)—Ha! I am sorry for the poor sailors that were drowned. Old Lady—Sailors! It isn't the sailors—it's the passengers I am sorry for. The sailors are used to it.—Kansas City Star.

Crawford—I see that the world's supply of drugs is being imperiled by the war. Crabshaw—Don't worry. Perhaps nature will now get a chance to cure us.—Puck.

District Visitor—And how are you today, Mrs. Jones? The Patient—Not at all badly, thank you, ma'am. The doctor is doing his best. I've told him there will be nobody to pay him unless I get well.—Cardiff Western Mail.

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